

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-BOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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FOR THE ARIEL.

HOME.

As through this cold bleak world of ours,
Our fainting footsteps tread,
And mingling thorns, and blooming flowers,
Are o'er the pathway spread;
How would our hearts with saddening gloom
O'er the dark prospect roam,
Did not one radiant Eden bloom
At "Home, sweet home."

For Friendship's vows, how false they prove,
How transient, and how chill,
And oh! the halcyon dreams of love
Are more delusive still.

For as the meteor's transient ray,
Is their deceitful light,
One moment, all is joyous day,
The next, is deepest night.

As Noah's dove, a place of rest
Sought on the sea in vain,
With drooping wing and wearied breast,
Flew to his ark again;
So we, where pleasure's bright eyes burn,
For joys delusive roam,
But oft with broken hearts return,
To "Home, sweet home."

There sympathy her balsam pours,
Our bleeding hearts to heal,
And eyes we love weep for our woes,
And all our anguish feel—
Yes! sorrow loses half its sting,
To those who never roam,
But for each joy and pleasure cling
To "Home, sweet home."

If one, from this sweet home of ours,
To distant climates roves,
The voice of sorrow fills our bowers,
And saddens all our groves:
Our weeping eyes their glances turn
To Heaven's blue welkin dome,
And plead that they may soon return
To "Home, sweet home."

If, pierced by Death's relentless dart,
Their bright eyes cease to beam,
What mournful anguish rends the heart,
While grief's sad dew-drops stream:
We miss them in the favorite grove,
Beside the cheerful hearth,
The walks they used in life to love,
Are sacred spots of earth.

Oh, can the rudely broken chain
Be ever linked below?
Will joy's soft smile e'er shine again
Along our path of woe?
Their place can ne'er be filled again—
But pure religion's voice
Can banish dark corroding pain,
And bid the heart rejoice:
Can point to climes forever blest,
Beyond the starry dome,
Where friends, our mourn'd and lov'd ones, rest,
At "Home, sweet home."—SOPHIA.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Shall nations rise, the fatal sword to wield,
And Pestilence spread terror and dismay;
Shall fearful famine desolate the field,
And floods and tempest scatter towns away?

Can we behold these wasting sorrows hurl'd,
And lives unnumber'd in the ruin lie,
The awful judgment on a guilty world,
Nor turn to Heaven the supplicating eye.

For, oh! not sinless in his holy sight,
Is our own country, deep in vices skill'd:
We soon, too soon, with horror and affright,
May find our cup of iniquity filled.

For lo! in Holy Writ the record stands,
When Sinai's mount was wrap'd in fire and smoke,
God gave in thunder his supreme commands,
And earth was shaken as the Almighty spoke.

Convulsive Nature at the wonder starts,
The prophet's face with dazzling brightness shone,
Was it to show the hardness of our hearts,
That the ten statutes were inscribed on stone?

Yet we have dared, all holy as they are,
Unheeding what our hapless neighbors feel,
To covet lands "in which we have no share,"
And liberty that is not ours, to steal.

Alike regardless of the all-wise decree,
Alike unmindful of the avenging rod,
We bravely trample on their rights, and we
May rouse to vengeance an offended God.

Who, long forbearing, in compassion kind,
Extends in mercy his protecting hand,
Sees all the frailty of the human mind,
Yet showers his blessings on our favor'd land.

Awake my brethren, see the guilt we share,
Like other nations, with unblushing shame,
Nor let us idly compromise, to bear
Our dark escutcheon on the roll of Fame.

Since patriot hearts, with liberal hands engage,
In deeds, like virtue, glorious and sublime,
Oh! wipe these spots from off Columbia's page,
And sound the tidings to remotest time.

THE ABBEY—A FRAGMENT.

A feeling sad came o'er me, as I trod the sacred ground
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around:
I stepped with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wrapt the mighty dead.

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone thro' those cloisters pale,
With fitful light, on regal vest and warrior's sculptured mail;
As from the stained and storied pane it danced with quivering gleam,
Each cold and prostrate form below seemed quickening in the beam.

Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,
And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell;
It died—and not a breath did stir: above each knightly stall,
Unmov'd, the bannered blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone—a living thing 'midst those who were no more—
I thought on ages that were past, the glorious deeds of yore;
On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
The fatal Roses twined at length on great Eliza's reign:

I thought on Blenheim—when, at once, upon my startled ear
There came a sound, it chilled my veins, it froze my heart with fear,
As from a wild unearthly voice I heard these accents drop—
"Service is done—it's tuppence now for them as wants to stop!"

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATTLER. NO. 21.

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!—YOUNG.

WHAT an instructive lesson is presented in the history of the various articles contained in a Pawnbroker's Shop! How much of human suffering here presents itself—how much vice, misfortune, crime, and wilful negligence of the good gifts of health, capacity, and character! I have been struck with the following history of this kind, in a late publication, entitled *The Workingman's Companion*; and believing it to exhibit a glowing picture of real life, I have transcribed it entire for the information of my readers.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

NOTHING has of late years given me more surprise than the fine houses which have been built by the dealers in gin. In every street of London, and commonly at the corner, you may see a tall white house, of which the door is generally painted of a rich mahogany color, and ornamented with a very large brass plate. The windows are large, and shaded by Venetian blinds; the windows of the upstairs rooms show you very fine curtains; and if you pass the house at night, you will see the lower rooms finely lighted up with gas. These houses are gin-shops. If you watch these houses at night for ten minutes, you will see three times ten people go into them; many of these are women, and almost all seem to be poor. They all look as if they were going to do something wrong. Every minute the door opens, and some slide in, and some slide out, without saying a word to one another. You see old and young men and old and young women, enter in this way; they walk up to the counter, put down their money, drink off a glass of pale liquor, and walk away. Some of them only walk along until they come to another gin-shop, and then they walk in, put down some more money, and drink some more gin. For a long time I used to wonder where these people got so much money to lay out in gin. They were most of them shabbily dressed, and did not look well fed; but I saw that they often drank to excess, and went reeling home.

At last I found out the secret. In the neighborhood of the gin-shop, there is generally another shop, of a different kind. I dare say you have often stopped to look into one of these shops, of which the window is filled with books, and jewellery, and musical instruments, and over the door of which there is the sign of three balls. This is the pawnbroker's shop. A pawnbroker is a money-lender, whose chief gains are derived from the folly and vice of his fellow-creatures. He supplies anybody with money for any thing worth money. He will lend you five shillings for what is worth a guinea: and if you do not give him his five shillings again in a short time, he keeps what you have left with him, and you lose it altogether. Many a Saturday night have I watched the pawnbroker's shop at the corner of Pleasant Row. The shop window faces the street, and is full of very curious things. In the evening that window is very soon shut in, and the door is made fast; but if you go down the lane, the first door you come to is the private door of the pawnbroker's shop; and at that door I have seen mothers pawning the clothes of their children, and fathers pawning their Sunday coats, and their watches, and often for money to be laid out in gin.

I sometimes walk into the pawnbroker's shop; and I can tell you the history of many of the things which you see in the window. First of all, there are always a great number of bibles, some large and some small. Here in the front of the window, is a very pretty one, bound in purple, and the leaves gilt; that was given to a little girl, who lives at the other end of the row, by her godfather, when the little girl was seven years old. She was very much pleased with her book, and thought she should very often read it; but the poor girl had an idle father, and all things went wrong in the family, and one day her mother took the book out of the house, and never brought it back. The little girl cried very much, and her mother cried too, but said, that if she had not sold the book, they should have had nothing to eat. Every Sunday morning, however, the poor little girl thinks of her pretty bible; and her godfather thinks that she has lost it, and will, perhaps, never make her another present.

Here, hanging up at the door, is a guitar. It belonged to a young man who was an apprentice to a hatter, and whose master took a great deal of pains to teach him his business. But the young man fancied it was vulgar to have his hands blacked with hat making; and being rather good looking, and having a musical voice, used to spend all the money his mother could let him have in going to the theatre, or in clubs of the lower order of players and hangers-on of the great play-houses. He soon began to think that he should make his fortune by his voice, and made such a constant disturbance by singing odds and ends of songs in his master's workshop, that his master would at last have no more to do with him. He then told his mother that he was going to sing at Covent Garden Theatre, and that he only wanted ten pounds to buy a coat and proper dress to appear in. This ten pounds he laid out in wine, and music, and in this very guitar, for which he gave three guineas. In a very short time his money was nearly gone, and he then tried to get engaged as a singer. He now found, however, that, although his voice had been thought very fine by his fellow-apprentices, and he had been told at the club that he was one of the first singers in England, yet he wanted instruction, and even strength of voice for the stage. At last he got a little employment behind the scenes at the theatre; but he had acquired such a habit of going to the club, that so long as he had a shilling he spent it there. His guitar was pawned for seven shillings, last Saturday night, and here it will stay.

There are no less than five-and-twenty gold finger rings on this string. Seventeen of them were wedding rings, and eight of them were, I know, pawned to buy drink.

This pretty flute belonged to a very excellent youth who is now learning to be a printer. He used to play upon it in an evening to please his sister, who would sing at the same time. But this good brother and sister had a most idle and extravagant father, who would seldom work, and yet would spend all the money that he earned as soon as it was paid to him. Their mother tried to keep the house comfortable as long as she could; but first one thing and then another, was sent to this shop. One day the clock went, and there it is I see, in the pawnbroker's shop now. The next week the six best chairs went, and soon afterwards the mahogany table. About a month ago the son and daughter could not persuade their mother to go to church with them one Sunday; and at last they found that their father had come home the night before without a farthing, and the poor wife had pawned her bonnet and shawl to buy dinner for the family on Sunday. As soon as the pawnbroker's shop was open the next

morning, her son set off with a few books that he possessed, intending to sell them and to get back the bonnet and shawl; but he could not get enough for them to do it. He, therefore, went home again, and put his flute in his pocket, and his music-book, and left them here, taking back the bonnet and shawl to his mother. His sister did not know what had been done; so at night, when her brother came home from his printing, she asked him if he would play to her; and then he was obliged to tell her that he could not play his flute any more. They tried, however, to be cheerful, for they saw that their mother's eyes were full of tears; and the sister attempted to sing one of the songs which her brother used to play when she sung; but her voice was very weak and trembling, and she was at last obliged to give it up.

The worst consequence of this is, that her brother, who used to like to be at home and to play his flute, or to read to her after his day's work, has now nothing to amuse him there, and sometimes he stays out later than he did; and once or twice he has alarmed her by saying that he shall go to the Swan River. In the mean time the careless father goes on as usual. He says he does no harm to any body; but he forgets that he is making his home quite comfortless, and that both his son and his daughter may leave it, and be ruined.

I cannot pretend to give you a history of all these spoons and ladles; but I perfectly well know how this child's coral came here. It is a very pretty coral, and has six silver bells to it. It was bought by a very industrious man, who works in a manufactory. The times were pretty good when he married; and when his first little boy was born, he bought this handsome coral, and hung it round the baby's neck one Sunday morning. His wife was much pleased to see such a fine coral round the little child's neck; but she happened to have a nurse with her, at her confinement, who was very fond of something comfortable in an evening. When nurses like drinking, they commonly persuade those whom they attend that they *must* drink if they would get well. Many a sober woman has learned to drink from having had a tippling nurse. So it was in this case. The nurse drank, and the good woman of the house drank; and at last they were afraid to tell the husband how much money was owing to the spirit merchant. They were obliged to tell him part of the truth, and he was sorry to find he had got such an extravagant nurse; but he little thought that his wife was as bad. The nurse and the mother were much at a loss still for part of the money, and were afraid the spirit merchant would apply to the good man of the house. So they determined to sell the baby's lace caps, and best frock, and this coral, and thus they managed to get enough to pay for the liquor they had drunk. The father never missed the frock or the lace caps; but he always liked to see the baby dressed in its coral on a Sunday. The nurse and the baby's mother were therefore still in a difficulty; and this is always the case when people once get wrong. A trick or a lie seems an easy way to escape, but one trick, or one lie, makes ten more tricks or ten more lies necessary. However, it was determined to put a trick upon the father; and on the Sunday when the child was to be dressed, he was astonished to hear a great outcry up stairs, his wife and the nurse bewailing loudly the disappearance of the baby's coral, both declaring they saw it the day before in the proper drawer. Such a noise you never heard. The husband was very much vexed at the loss of the coral, and half suspected the nurse of having stolen it; but she managed to throw some suspicion on an innocent girl, who was servant in the

house: and notwithstanding the girl's tears and protestations, she was taken before a magistrate. Nothing was proved against her, but she was turned away, and has not yet got another place; so that one of the many bad effects which follow the nurse's bad conduct may be the ruin of that poor girl. Another bad effect is, that the wife has learned to drink and to deceive; and, although the husband's industry is as great as ever, the times are not so good, and he is getting into debt.

Some day, perhaps, I may tell you a little more about the pawnbroker's shop, but I wish you just to remember, that of all the things stuck up in this window, there is hardly one that was not pawned in consequence of somebody's idleness, or somebody's love of drinking. I know a hundred poor families, in which there is sobriety and industry, and although they sometimes find it difficult to buy what they want, I know only one of those families from which anything has come to this shop; and that was in a family where a poor boy has been long ill, and the father of the family had the misfortune to break his leg. But the clergyman's wife has been to see them this morning, and before night the pawned things will be redeemed, and brought back to the cottage again.

I cannot pass this little miniature without telling you something about it. It is the portrait of Mr. —, who made a very respectable independence in a shop in this neighborhood. He began the world with very little except his industry, but at his death he left ten thousand pounds between his two children, a son and a daughter. The son died not long after his father, of consumption, and the daughter became heiress to his share of her father's property. She soon had offers of marriage from young tradesmen who had known her father; but one of her female acquaintances, whom she had first known at a boarding school, persuaded her that she ought to look higher than tradesmen for a husband, and she was even induced to refuse one young man for whom she had a great esteem. He had been foreman to her father, and assistant to her brother, and was now carrying on the business in her father's shop. But, although she felt that she might be happy with him, vanity got the better of her regard, and after trifling with his affections for some months, she refused him. He became less attentive to his customers, got into difficulties, and went, it was supposed, to America. In the mean time the young lady fancied herself in love with a good looking man, older than herself, who frequently walked before her windows, in a military coat, trimmed with silk. He informed her that he was a gentleman of great connections, but dependent on his father; and he sometimes called upon her in a very smart gig, accompanied by a servant with a cockade in his hat. In short, the young lady was persuaded to marry this gentleman, who was in reality a half-pay lieutenant, not worth a shilling. She was for some time quite ignorant of the manner in which she had been deceived, but at last the truth broke upon her. He proved to be a gambler of the worst description; and when all her fortune was gone, he left her with a child of seven months old, and about three guineas in her possession. Among the few things which she possessed on which she could raise money, was this very locket, which her poor father had given to her on his death-bed. It was long before she parted with it. Her piano, her necklace, her rings, her books, and most of her clothes, came to this shop before the picture; but at last, after being without food for two days, she came here in the dusk of the evening and sold the likeness of her father. The colors of the picture are faded, as if the daughter's griefs had affected her parent in his

grave; and the hair which is placed at the back of it is damp and mouldy, for it has often been moistened by the tears of his unhappy child.

I could mention a hundred instances in which pride has wrought effects equally melancholy. All imagine that those who seem above them in the world must be happier than they. If they could but try different stations for a little time, from their own all the way up to the highest, they would find that every station has its cares and troubles, and perhaps the greatest in the highest of all. At all events, they would find that there is but one golden secret of happiness in any station, high or low, namely, TO BE INNOCENT AND TO BE CONTENT.

HUNTING THE COUGAR.

By John James Audubon.

There is an extensive swamp in that section of the state of Mississippi which lies partly in the Choctaw territory. It commences at the borders of the Mississippi, at no great distance from a Chicaw village, situated near the mouth of a creek, known by the name of Vanconnah, and partly inundated by the swellings of several large bayous, the principal of which, crossing the swamp in its whole extent, discharges its waters not far from the mouth of the Yazoo River. This famous bayou is called False River. The swamp of which I am speaking follows the windings of the Yazoo, until the latter branches off to the northeast, and at this point forms the stream called Cold Water River, below which the the Yazoo receives the draining of another bayou, inclining towards the northwest, and intersecting that known by the name of False River, at a short distance from the place where the latter receives the waters of the Mississippi. This tedious account of the situation of the swamp is given with the view of pointing it out to all students of nature who may chance to go that way, and whom I would earnestly urge to visit its interior, as it abounds in rare and interesting productions, birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, as well as moluscons animals, many of which, I am persuaded, have never been described.

In the course of one of my rambles I chanced to meet with a squatter's cabin on the banks of the Cold Water River. In the owner of this hut, like most of those adventurous settlers in the uncultivated tracts of our frontier districts, I found a person well versed in the chase, and acquainted with the habits of some of the larger species of quadrupeds and birds. As he who is desirous of instruction ought not to disdain listening to any one who has knowledge to communicate, however humble may be his lot, or however limited his talents, I entered the squatter's cabin, and immediately opened a conversation with him respecting the situation of the swamp, and its natural productions. He told me he thought it the very place I ought to visit, spoke of the game which it contained, and pointed to some bear and deer skins, adding, that the individuals to which they had belonged formed but a small portion of the number of these animals which he had shot within it. My heart swelled with delight; and on asking if he would accompany me through the great morass, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented to all my proposals. So I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely but wholesome fare of the supper intended for the squatter, his wife, and his two sons.

The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanor of his family. The

wife and children, I more than once thought, seemed to look upon me as a strange sort of person, going about, as I told them I was, in search of birds and plants: and were I here to relate the many questions which they put to me in return for those which I addressed to them, the catalogue would occupy several pages. The husband, a native of Connecticut, had heard of the existence of such men as myself, both in our own country and abroad, and seemed greatly pleased to have me under his roof. Supper over, I asked my kind host what had induced him to remove to this wild and solitary spot? "The people are growing too numerous now to thrive in New England," was his answer. I thought of the state of some parts in Europe, and calculating the denseness of their population compared with that of New England exclaimed to myself, "How much more difficult must it be for men to thrive in these populous countries!" The conversation then changed, and the squatter, his sons, and myself spoke of hunting and fishing, until at length tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets of bearskins, and reposed in peace on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted.

Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well-known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn, and counted them, but told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther, by which name the cougar is designated in America, and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it. The painter, as he sometimes called it, had, on several occasions robbed him of a dead deer, and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy, at which he was highly pleased, but assured me, that unless some of his neighbors should assist us with their dogs, and his own, the attempt would certainly prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles and appointed a day of meeting.

The hunters accordingly made their appearance one fine morning at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or a bear through woods and morasses than any in that country. A pack of large ugly curs were already engaged, in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

Few words were uttered by the party till we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse and seek for the fresh track of the painter, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call

of the distant huntsman. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack were observed dilligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was treed, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire any longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness, and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up, and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hopped the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen trees and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyment of your "pleasure grounds," alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree, his broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us, and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore legs hung

loosely by his side, and he lay crouched with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought that he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valor: but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The cougar was despoiled of its skin and the carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his pone of bread, along with a flask of whiskey. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

I walked for some minutes around the camp, to contemplate the beauty of that nature, from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasures. I thought of the occurrences of the day, and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks which lay in all directions around me. How easy, I thought would it be for the confused and agitated mind of a person bewildered in a swamp like this, to imagine in each of these luminous masses, some wondrous and fearful being, the very sight of which might make the hair stand erect on his head. The thought of being myself placed in such a predicament, burst over my mind, and I hastened to join my companions, beside whom I laid me down and slept, assured that no enemy could approach us without first rousing the dogs, which were growling in fierce dispute over the remains of the cougar.

At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we soon saddled, and jogging along in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbor as the panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbors partook of such refreshment as the house could afford, and dispersing, returned to their houses, leaving me to follow my favorite pursuits.

In the latest number of Blackwood's *Noctes*, one of the interlocutors observing that it is well to be prepared for a revolution, another is made to reply:—"Inter nos, I have already put aside 10,000*l.* in the American funds, my cock; and moreover, I have made a conquest, as we parliament house lads say, of a small croft of some fifty thousand acres, about forty of them cleared, towards the Alleghany region. *Omni forti salum patria*—that is to say, if you knock my old friend John Bull on the head, I mean to take up with brother Jonathan—who, after all, is a very decent fellow, and in my opinion, more likely to have peace and quiet under his own fig-tree, by and by, than any other gentleman of our acquaintance."

SELECT TALES.

THE MAGDALEN.

By a Modern Dramatist.

UNDER certain circumstances there is always a danger in a young man's playing the benefactor towards the other sex, in his own person. A thousand times better do it by a second hand—engage the services of some kind aunt or female cousin. You cannot extend protection without taking an interest in the object whom you benefit, and there is no telling where the interest which we take in a woman—how slight soever it may seem to be at first—may terminate. Many a man who has entered upon a speculation of the kind perfectly free, has presently found himself embarrassed by entanglement, beyond the possibility of voluntary extrication. But this is only one half of the question, and not the more important half. If in such a case there is danger to you, there is another who stands in still more imminent peril; a being in whose heart gratitude like every other virtue, when once it takes root, grows strong, and where the more tender affections have not been previously excited, not unfrequently undergoes transmutation, and changes into love—a result, with a rather remarkable illustration of which I am about to present you.

Returning from a party one night about eleven o'clock, in the autumn of 1810, an unfortunate female accosted me. In reply to a remark which I made, declining her company, she uttered a sentiment which would have done credit to one who had never forsaken virtue. I was struck by it. "A pity," said I, "that a woman who feels as you do, should follow an occupation so degrading!" In reply, she told me it was necessity; that she was unhappy; that she would give worlds to be rescued from her present mode of life. I perceived at once that she was a girl who had received an education, and her manner convinced me that she spoke from her heart. The idea of the Magdalen Hospital occurred to me. I asked her if she would avail herself of the refuge which that institution offered to persons of her description. She declared her readiness to do so; and to put her sincerity to the proof, I proposed that she should instantly abandon her present abode, and take up her residence in mine; where I would place her under the care of a prudent and kind old woman who waited upon me. She looked up inquiringly in my face; and, for a couple of minutes, at least, neither of us spoke a word. "Are you serious, sir?" she at length exclaimed. I felt that I had acted rashly! but something prevented me from profiting by the opening which her question afforded me for retraction. "Yes," said I, "my girl, my roof shall shelter you till you can be admitted into the Magdalen." She made no reply. Unresistingly she allowed me to draw her arm within mine—it was the least suspicious way of walking with her—and in a quarter of an hour she was sitting in my parlor.

I had now leisure and opportunity to observe her. She was an uncommonly beautiful creature. Her eyes were full, and of a deep blue; her eyebrows, two unbroken regular arches, surmounted by an open forehead, sufficiently high, and remarkably smooth and fair. Her face was a perfect oval; with a nose, somewhat between the Grecian and aquiline; while an upper and a nether lip, where the master line of the artist waved convincingly, composed a mouth of exceeding delicacy and expression. Her cheek was full of softness; but not a trace of the rose, that must once have grown there, was on it. Sorrow had plucked the flower—had taken it up by the roots. Though she wore her gown high at the neck, and her sleeves

reached to her wrists, yet I could see that she was finely formed. She appeared to be an inch or two above the middle height, and a skirt of her gown, as she endeavoured to disengage her handkerchief from her pocket, in order to wipe her brow, which, I saw, was moist with agitation, discovered to me a small, well formed foot, and a delicately turned ancle. From such a combination of personal requisites, it was impossible not to infer a mind and heart. Indeed, the whole demeanour of the poor girl bore testimony to their presence. She entered my parlor as though she had no right to be there. I handed her a seat, but she, remained standing; and when I desired her to take it, she scarcely occupied a third of the chair. The light seemed intolerable to her; but what I perceived distressed her most was the presence of my servant. "Mary," said I, addressing the latter, "this is a young friend, whom I have unexpectedly lighted upon, and find in unfortunate circumstances. You shall take care of her for me till I can restore her to her connexions." At this the girl slightly raised her head; I could not see the direction of her eye, but I guessed at it. "She will occupy my room, and I shall sleep out. Make her as comfortable as if she were your master's relation." What a look she cast upon me here. It went to my soul. I bade her good evening, and that night she laid her cheek upon an innocent pillow in my bed; and I took a bed at a friend's.

The next morning I saw her again. There was the same uneasy and reserved demeanour as on the preceding evening. She looked but once at me, and that was when I entered the room; but that was enough. She was grateful, though she did not say so. I inquired how she had slept? "Well;" if the servant had made her comfortable? "Yes;" if she regretted the step which she had taken? "No;" if she persevered in her wish to go into the Magdalen? "Yes." After some time I asked her if her parents were alive? She was silent. I repeated the question.

She was silent still. After a pause I repeated it again. She burst into tears. I felt distressed for her and vexed with myself. "I am sorry," I remarked, "that I inquired after your parents; I fear they are dead." "Well for them if they are, sir," she exclaimed—"Well for them if they are? Alas! that their child should say it!—their girl, to whom they gave life, and for sake of whom it were well for them if they had never been born, for she has brought sorrow and shame upon them!" I never witnessed any thing half so piteous, as the agony with which she uttered this. 'Twas thrilling, and I felt too much affected to speak; besides, I thought it best to leave her to herself. Her heart had been oppressed almost to bursting with the feeling which my question had awakened in it; nature had suggested to her the way to ease it; she had given vent to what was laboring within it; and the gush, if left to itself, would keep on. I was not mistaken. "It would have been nothing, sir," she resumed, "had they been unkind to me—but they loved me, sir!—I was their only child—the dearer to them for that. Happy for them had they never seen my face! The care they took of me! The pains they bestowed upon me! The sufferings they underwent for me. For two whole months was I confined to bed; and night or morning never did I open my eyes, but one or the other of them was watching beside me! And their thankfulness, when I recovered, that Heaven had restored their child to them—to break their hearts!" She started up. "I'll go back to the street again!" she exclaimed. "I ought not to be allowed to repent!—Repentance is a blessing a wretch like me should not taste of! I'll quit

this roof, where I have no business to remain! The roof that is fit for me is that under which vice and infamy are received, and, cursing themselves, take shelter!" "Stop," said I, "sit down and compose yourself. Just now you know not what you are about. Compose yourself, and then remain or go as you please, but sit down for the present." She resumed her seat. "Surely," continued I, "one to whom the sense of error seems so intolerable, could never have been a willing trespasser." She appeared all at once to recover her self-collectedness. She turned full round, and fixing upon me a look, which demanded credit for the truth of what she was going to say, "I was not a willing trespasser, sir," she exclaimed. "Will you hear my story? Few words will suffice to tell it."

"My parents gave me an education far above their rank in life; I contracted friendships at school, most of which were continued after I had left it. Although my old school-fellows used not often to visit me, yet I was frequently invited to their homes: whither, owing to the humble station and homely manners of my family, I always went alone. Ah, sir! A young girl just entering upon life has need of a parent's eye upon her! My parents were flattered by my being admitted into society so much above me, and always, on my return, inquired what gentlemen had paid attention to me; for it constantly ran in their heads that I should marry a man of rank or fortune. This made me aspiring—Good souls! it was only their love for me. Well, sir, attentions I certainly did receive from gentlemen; and many a fine thing was said to me; but there was one who was particularly assiduous in his civilities. He used to make a point of seeing me home. He always contrived to find out what parties I was invited to; and if he happened not to be one of the company, he was nevertheless sure to call for me when it was time to break up. He professed a passion for me, but for certain reasons, which he told me I should learn hereafter, he begged that I would keep his addresses a secret, and I did so. Oh, sir! Young creatures are fools who keep such things a secret; especially from those, who they know sincerely love them. Had I confided in my parents, I might—I might—" Here she could not go on for weeping. Presently, however, she proceeded, "I cannot relate the circumstances, Sir.—He was a villain!—He was a coward! O that my body had been only as strong as my heart! He ought not to have lived, sir, but shame is sometimes more powerful than revenge,—I durst not tell the tale—I durst not show my face at home again. I was soothed, too, with promise of instant reparation. It was postponed, and postponed again; and at last flatly refused. I dared to reproach, and suffered the penalty of my presumption in his utter desertion of me. I had now been three months from home. Two days did I remain in the apartment where he had parted from me, without ever undressing myself to lie down, or so much as tasting food! On the third, the mistress of the house came in to demand the week's rent. He had left me without a shilling, sir: What was I to do? I tremblingly confessed my inability to pay her. She would not believe me, accused me of falsehood and dishonesty, ordered me instantly to quit the house, and even pushed me violently towards the door. I was desperate, sir!—'Twas night.—I rushed from the house without bonnet, cloak, shawl, or any other kind of street-covering, and flung myself upon the town! My parents!—I know nothing about my parents! For five years I have neither gone near them, nor inquired after them. I suppose I have killed them! and if I have—so

much the better for them—so much the worse for me!" It was a considerable time before I could restore her to any thing like a state of composure. At length she was partly soothed. I learned from her the address of her parents, and promised forthwith to make inquiries after them; and, if they lived, to see them and speak with them. I then left her, having first exacted a solemn promise that she would not attempt to quit the house till my return.

I set out on my errand instantly. I cannot describe my feelings, as I drew near their abode. Should the poor girl's worst fears have been realised! I forgot to mention, that several years before her misfortune they had retired, she told me, from business; and resided in a respectable house, at H—. I took a stage, and was there in little better than an hour. When I reached the house, I took a brief survey of the outside, as though I could gather from its looks whether or not its former inmates were its present ones. At length, I lifted the knocker with a beating heart.—'Twas answered—all was right! My agitation, however, did not subside when the servant-maid desired me to walk up into the little drawing-room, where the desolate old couple were sitting. To me, who had heard the relation of their child, it was not difficult to read her story in their faces—sorrow had traced them all over. I don't recollect how I introduced my business, but I opened it as carefully as I could, to prevent the shock of a too sudden surprise. At length, by degrees, I came to the point—I had come to speak about their child. From this moment neither the one nor the other of them spoke or stirred, whilst I went on with my story: but each bent an earnest, anxious, searching gaze upon me, which nothing but conscious integrity, both in intention and act, as to the errand I had come upon, could have enabled me to encounter. When I had concluded, they still remained motionless and silent, and I was beginning to feel my situation an exceedingly uneasy one; when the female rose slowly from her seat, and tottering towards me, with the infirmity, as I thought, of age, fell suddenly on her knees before me, and the next moment was stretched in a swoon upon the floor. This had the effect of rousing the father, who started from his seat and assisted me in raising his wife. The servant was called, and she and her master conveyed the still insensible mother to her chamber, which was only the next room.

In little more than ten minutes he returned. He made a motion with his hand, as if he was either unwilling or unable to hear me. I took the hint and prepared to depart. He opened the room-door for me, to show me down stairs. As I descended, I recollected that I had accomplished only the half of my errand, I stopped and turned round, "You'll see your child I hope?" said I. He made no answer, either by word or look. I slowly descended another stair or two, and paused again. "Sir," said I, "your child was the victim, not of a seducer, but of a ruffian! She is a penitent; she loves you, and her heart is breaking with remorse for the misery she has caused you! Will you not see her?" My second appeal was as fruitless as my first. He never opened his lips, but kept them firmly pressed together. Without interchanging a word with me, he saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and stepping on smartly before me, he hastily opened the street-door. I paused a third time. "You are a father, sir," said I, "and you know your own duty best. Your child repents her of her errors, and is willing to abjure them for ever; but, so strong is her sense of the wrong she has inflicted upon her mother and upon you, she doubts the practicability of penitence. How far your inflexibility may confirm

her in her misgivings, I do not pretend to calculate. I have only my own duty to answer for,—I have taken her under my protection, and I will save her if I can!" Saying this, I was in the act of passing out when I felt myself arrested, and firmly, though tremulously, grasped by the hand; I turned round and saw in the old man's countenance the workings of the father's soul, struggling, in defiance of nature, to preserve the man. The contest had been kept up until the last moment; it was impossible to maintain it longer—his tears were gushing—he drew me back into the hall and put to the door. "I thank you, sir," said he. "An old broken-hearted father thanks you. I'll see my child, and tell her so—I'll see her to-morrow: for her mother is unable to accompany me to your house to-day,—and tell her we forgive her, sir! She has, indeed, afflicted us!—shamed us!—but we have nothing else to live for,—for she was our all, sir, and fallen as she is, she is still our all. Although she could forget that she was our child, she shall find that we are still her parents, sir." His voice here was entirely overpowered by his feeling, and precipitately retreating to the end of the hall, he sat down upon the stair-foot, and sobbed as if his heart would burst. I could not stay any longer. I let myself out, and hastened home.

The manner in which the poor girl received the intelligence that her parents were still alive—that she should see them and be forgiven by them—may be easily imagined; and I shall leave it to be so, as well as what took place upon her meeting with them; on which occasion, not daring to take her home with them lest their tenderness for her should induce them to dispense with the course of probation to which she had consented to submit, and which they had the good sense to see was necessary, they enjoined her to remain under my protection; and solemnly assured her that when her term of seclusion should have expired, they would joyfully receive her, and employ every means in their power, to render her contented and happy.

It was upwards of three weeks before there was a board of managers, or directors, at the hospital. The first that took place, her case was inquired into, she was pronounced to be a proper object for the benefits of the charity, and a day was appointed for her admission. Although I never slept in the house during her residence in it, yet I constantly saw her—for I had no apprehension for myself—and sometimes sat and talked with her for two or three hours together. But I ought to have had apprehensions for her—not that I was a coxcomb, and attributed any merit to my face or person; but, because, when you once get admittance in the mind of a woman, and possess her confidence, the chance is you are not many doors off from her heart—especially when you approach her with kindness and protection, to which she has been long unaccustomed. You will laugh at the idea of a young fellow of two-and-twenty playing the ghostly counsellor to a fair penitent—for fair indeed, as I said, she was—of something less than the same age; but it was truly the case. And he played the part honestly, too, and well; as her cheeks would have convinced you, had you seen her tears roll down them, as more than once or twice they did, when he descanted upon the savage cruelty of compassing a young woman's destruction, for the sake of a heartless triumph. If there appears to be any mystery in the thing, one brief sentence will unravel it—I was engaged at the time. She used to listen to me first with fixed attention, presently with interest, and that interest grew deeper and deeper every day. Her heart was evidently already more than half reformed,

and had begun to taste the relish of a sinless life. During the third week, each day, when I entered the room, her eyes sparkled with the welcome of pleasure; and I could perceive, from a slight confusion in her movements, and from her hurried manner of addressing me, that she had been upon the watch, listening for my approach. Between the board's approval and her reception into the establishment, there was a change which I was chagrined to remark, because I thought it argued regret for the step which she had taken. She tried, indeed, to look composed and cheerful, and she did so: but it was with an effort which too clearly showed that her heart had no participation in the act. I sat and conversed with her daily, as usual: but though I accosted her with greater kindness than ever, she was constantly abstracted. To be immured for twelve months, without once being allowed to set foot out of doors, was certainly rather a dismal prospect to a young creature of scarcely one-and-twenty. She made light of it, and emphatically wished that, instead of twelve months, it were to be for twelve years! "She would like it all the better!" I dwelt upon the comfort she would enjoy, when she returned home to her father and mother. The anticipation seemed to awaken anything but a pleasurable feeling; she would turn from me to wipe away a tear. I had made her a present of a book, which, I told her, I wished her particularly to read. The next day I found her sitting with it, closed upon her knees. Her hand was on it, and her eyes were red, evidently with weeping. It could not have been at the book, for it was of a cheerful, though a moral nature. The day before her departure for the hospital, her father and mother dined with her. I looked in, in the evening, and perceived that sorrow and anxiety were strongly painted in their faces. She was the very picture of desolation. They spoke to her in the most affectionate manner, and used every argument to cheer and encourage her. She scarcely noticed them, but sat without moving, and looked as if, every moment, she would burst into tears. I felt mortified—almost angry. I did not speak a word to her. Upon their taking leave of her, I saw them down stairs without bidding her good night: but I had left my hat in the room, the servant had stepped out, and I was obliged to return for it myself. The door was ajar, and I entered the room without her perceiving me. She was sitting at the table, upon which her arms were folded, and her head was reposing upon her arms. I stood still, for a picture was before me. That day she had dressed herself, for the first time. She wore a lilac gown with short sleeves, and a rather low neck, displaying a pair of arms and shoulders of exceeding symmetry and fairness. Alas! they were riches that had little blessed their owner! I sighed heavily at the thought. She started! looked at me, and shrieked—at the same moment, and, running towards me, fell at my feet! I lifted her up in amazement. She seemed ready to faint, and caught at my shoulder. I supported her firmly in my arms. She burst into a passion of tears, and hid her face in my breast! then suddenly disengaged herself, broke from me, and rushed out of the room! I was utterly confounded. I threw myself into a chair, and knew not what to think.

I believe I had remained a quarter of an hour in the same attitude, my arms folded, and my feet crossed, when the door opened. It was she. She no longer wept. Her eyes were cast upon the ground. Her cheek was flushed, but her air was composed. "I have come back, sir," said she, "I have come back to ask your pardon." I desired her to come in, for she remained standing at the door. She obeyed me hesi-

tatingly; and sat down at a distance from me, upon the first chair she came to. "I am a poor unhappy girl, sir," said she, "and I hope you will forgive me." I told her there was nothing to forgive. "But there is, sir," she rejoined, "there is much to forgive!—too much! I am the object of your charity—you have snatched me from a life of infamy. How dare I feel anything but thankfulness! and yet for the last three days, you must have thought me discontented and ungrateful." I told her I never suspected her of ingratitude, but that I remarked she had been unhappy. "I have been unhappy, sir," she exclaimed, "and I must be unhappy! I had no conception, till now, of the extent of my ruin—or of the nature of my own heart. I feel that it was capable of loving virtue—O! of how devotedly loving it! but love it now as it may, I feel that there is between me and the good—in this world—a broad—a deep—an impassable gulf! God forgive him that made it for me! and pity me that fell a victim to his design! I was not on my guard, sir! I was only turned of seventeen!—a poor, weak, foolish, trusting thing, that knew not herself nor the world!" She uttered this, without once lifting her eyes; nor was there the slightest appearance of emotion, until she alluded to her girlhood; when her voice faltered a little, and a short pause or two indicated that it was a struggle whether she should keep in her tears, or let them flow. I felt an indescribable uneasiness, and durst not trust myself to speak. After an interval, she continued. "But I am not ungrateful, sir; God knows my heart, I am not ungrateful!—O! that I could prove it to you! What would I stop at!—what would I hesitate to sacrifice!—not my life, sir;—no, not my life! You are the only man, sir, that ever showed me kindness—for myself—out of true charity! I thought the best of men—aye, the very best—were selfish, sir; till Heaven threw you in my way! I know not how to account for it, but while I talked with you that night, I had a feeling of safety in your presence such as I never felt in the society of man before. And I have been now upwards of three weeks at your mercy, to use as you pleased—and I have been treated with nothing but respect by you!—I that have been little accustomed to it!—that have been used—O! how have I not been used. The insult, Sir,—the treatment!—You could not practise it, or conceive it. It has made me wish myself dead a thousand times! I never met with protection from your sex, until I met with it from you! From whom shall I meet with it when I leave you—never—never to see you more!"

I told her she was in error there; that, in the place to which she was going, she would meet with the greatest attention and kindness; and that, as to her never seeing me again, that was not a necessary consequence of our parting at present; that at all events she should find a friend in me if ever she needed one; and that I should assuredly see her; as soon as her twelvemonth of seclusion was complete.

"'Twere better not, sir," she rejoined, "'twere better not!" and in a tone so touchingly impressive, that my heart throbbed. The idea struck me fully, for the first time, that I had excited an interest in the heart of the girl, such as she had never felt before. We both sat silent for a time. At length she drew a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, and breathed again, as it were to herself, "'twere better not!" Was she acting! The life of infamy she led recurred to me—the arts of women of abandoned character—the proverbial difficulty of ever thoroughly reforming them. "My girl," said I, "what do you mean?" She made no reply, but averting her face, she sat with her back half towards me;

her elbow upon the back of the chair, and her hand supporting the head. "Ellen," said I, "I have dealt with you honestly, hitherto, and honestly will I deal with you to the last; I am convinced that you are sorry at having consented to go into the Magdalen. 'Tis still in your power to take the step or not. You have till to-morrow to think of it; and by that time you can make up your mind." She shook her head. "You wrong me, sir," said she, "To-morrow I shall go into the Magdalen." "I am utterly at a loss then," said I, "how to interpret your conduct. What do you mean by saying that it would be better for me not to see you again? I have no desire to see you, except to be of service to you." "I know it," was her remark. "I know that I am nothing more to you than the beggar in the street, which your charity relieves with an alms—a large alms, sir, have you given to me?" I felt as if her reply was a reproof for the observation which had elicited it. "Not so, Ellen," said I, "you never asked an alms of me; I spontaneously proffered you service, and was more than repaid by your accepting it." "Why," said she, "why do you talk to me thus! But for you, to whom might I have been listening to-night? To a profligate!—perhaps an inebriated brute!—accosting me in language—O, how different from that, which for the last three weeks, has been addressed to me under your generous roof!—language, which, depraved as I was, I never could hear without loathing!—instead of a man!" She uttered that word, as though she had thrown her whole soul into it—and stopped short, keeping her face still averted. "Come, Ellen," said I, "We must not part to-night without understanding each other. From your manner now, as well as from what has already passed, it strikes me as if you would have me infer that I am not indifferent to you. If that is your meaning, don't deceive yourself—don't deceive me. Scarce had I uttered the last word, when she turned full round upon me. No tongue ever vented reproach with half the eloquence that the look did which she gave me. Her tears had been streaming all the time since she had last sat down; to prevent me from suspecting that she was weeping, she had not attempted to wipe them; and they were trickling down her neck and into her bosom. She kept her eyes fixed upon me for a minute or two; then, suddenly starting upon her feet, with one hand she clasped her forehead, and waving the other to me, without speaking, precipitately approached the door, which, in her trepidation, she bolted instead of opening.

I followed her to it. I saw that I had deeply wounded her. I entreated her to return to her seat, and compose herself. She neither moved nor spoke, but sobbed convulsively. My heart bled for her—I could have taken her to my bosom if I durst. "Ellen," said I, at the same time unbolting the door, "Good night—I shall not see you again before you leave me. I fear I have displeased you, but, indeed, I did not mean it; and I entreat your pardon." She shrunk at the word "pardon." "Good night," I resumed; "under God, the most efficient friend you can meet with is yourself—if you determine to become and remain your own friend. Should you ever require assistance from another, be sure you apply to me. I shall always take an interest, Ellen, in your happiness, and, to the utmost of my power, will promote it." She slowly passed into the lobby, and ascended the first stair of the flight that led to her chamber, and stood there. I bade her good night again, and held out my hand to her. She did not offer to take it. Her forehead was still clasped by her hand—which partly covering her eyes, prevented her, I think, from noticing the action.

"My girl," said I, "once more good night. I shall not see you to-morrow. I know that what I said before you left the room has offended you. We part to-night for a year. Heaven knows what may happen in that time. Shake hands with me, good girl, in token that I am forgiven." Just at that moment the latch-key was turned in the street door. She started, and clasping her hands, stood a moment or two with her eyes straining mournfully upon mine. She leaned towards me till I thought she would lose her equilibrium. My heart yielded within me; and, yielding to an impulse which I found it impossible to resist, I caught her to my breast, and pressed my cheek and lips to hers. "Good night, dear girl," I said, "good night, and God bless you!" and, withdrawing myself from her arms, descended and left the house.

When I came the next morning, she was gone. Her parents had taken her to the benevolent abode where she was instantly to enter upon a new course of life; but before she went she left a message, saying, that she should ever remember me and pray for me; and hoping that I would sometimes think of her. My servant added, that upon going up to bed, she found the poor girl sitting upon the foot of the second pair of stairs—the spot where I had left her; that, upon accosting her, she answered more cheerfully than she had done for many days before; and took her hand, and thanked her most gratefully for her attentions to her, at the same time invoking the richest blessings of Heaven upon me; that, when she went to call her, in the morning, she found her in a deep slumber, dreaming, and talking in her sleep, as though she was speaking to me—pronouncing my name, and accompanying it with epithets of the most tender endearment; that after she had been awakened, it was a long time before she left the room; that when her parents came for her, she lingered till the very last moment, looking anxiously out of the window in the direction in which I was used to come; and that, at her departure, she wept bitterly. And the good woman further assured me, that upon going up to make the bed, she found the pillow case so wet—no doubt, she said, with the tears which the poor creature had shed upon it—that she could almost have wrung it. "Oh," continued she, "I pity her from the bottom of my heart! I never saw a more quiet, a more kind-hearted, or a more thankful girl—no, nor a sweeter looking!—And the mortification she will have to endure!—that fine head of hair, sir—(I forgot to mention that her hair was most luxuriant, and of a shining jet)—She will have to lose it, sir;—she must part with every lock of it." I was not aware till then, that it was the custom when a female becomes an inmate of the hospital to cut the hair close, and I sighed for the poor Magdalen. To say the truth, it was not the lapse of a few days or weeks that sufficed to get her out of my head—not that my heart swerved a jot in its loyalty to the fair maid to whom I had plighted it; but that I was—somewhat—interested.

This adventure took place in autumn; and autumn came round again without my recollecting that a year had flown. The parents of the Magdalen generally called upon me once a month, and always brought me the most favorable accounts of her conduct; which, they gave me to understand, was so exemplary, as to call forth the highest testimonies of approbation, on the part of the governors of the establishment. Upon such occasions they never failed to dwell upon their deep sense of obligation for the service I had rendered their child; and to assure me that as far as she was concerned, nothing should ever be wanting, to prove to me that my kindness had not been bestowed upon an object unworthy of it; that what, above all things

stimulated her in prosecuting, with assiduity, the work of amendment, which, under my auspices, she had begun, was her anxious desire to gratify me; that, in their interviews with her, I was almost the only subject of her remarks and inquiries; and that, they were sure, she never laid her head upon her pillow, nor lifted it from it again, without addressing to Heaven her most fervent supplications for my happiness. Of course I was gratified at hearing all this; I unreservedly expressed my satisfaction at the success which promised to crown our plans for their daughter's restoration to virtue, and, at parting, never failed to charge them with a message to her full of congratulation and encouragement. I little knew what I had done or was doing.

One day, after an interval rather longer than usual, they paid me their customary visit; when upon inquiring after my young friend, as I used to call her, they informed me that her term had expired a fortnight ago; that she quitted the institution, leaving the most favorable impression behind her; and that she would have called upon me, had not her health been greatly impaired by confinement, and by the exertions that she made to surpass the expectations of those who were placed over her, in executing the tasks that had been assigned her; that she had gone into the country to recruit her health, but at her return would take the very earliest opportunity of waiting upon me, and thanking me. This was followed by some allusions to the substantial state of their circumstances, and by a declaration that the bulk of their property should go to any young man who would make honorable proposals to their child, now that she was thoroughly reclaimed from the courses into which despair and not inclination had led her. I applauded duly the liberality of their determination; the drift of which, at the time, escaped me.

This happened on a Thursday. Exactly on that day fortnight, as I was sitting in my study, in the act of completing the third page of a letter to a friend, the good woman opened the door, and with a countenance that glowed again with pleasure, informed me that Ellen was in the parlor. I will not deny that there was something like a throbbing at my heart as I went down stairs. Our parting scene recurred to me, and as I opened the parlor door, I did not breathe quite so freely as I am wont to do. At first I hardly knew her. It was not that all the traces of the invalid had vanished. Her nature seemed to have been renewed, as though she had retraced a stage or two of life, and was again in the first, fresh glowing burst of womanhood! The spirit of young hope was in her eye, that swam in liquid crystal; and the lily, which all-possessed her cheek when last I saw her, had now made room for the rose, and gained, beyond belief by what it yielded. Her form, too, had infinitely more of shape; and, without any material increase of bulk, appeared of a richer, firmer roundness. Such was the impression of the first glance. The second presented to me nothing but a face and a neck—one blush; and a pair of downcast eyes, veiled by a pair of lids, as full and rich as ever dropped over the orbs of woman. I guessed at once how the matter stood. The act of endearment into which my sympathy—say my weakness—betrayed me, when I parted from the poor Magdalen, and the interest which I allowed her to know I subsequently took in her fate, and which, in their communications with her, her parents had perhaps exaggerated; rose up in accusation against me. But my resolution was taken on the instant. I had inadvertently betrayed her into an erroneous impression, as to the state of my feelings towards her; not a moment was to be lost in disabusing her of it. I approach-

ed her; and, taking her hand, cordially shook it, and immediately dropped it again, and then, addressing her with an air of kind and unembarrassed frankness, I told her that I was glad to see her, and happy at the complete success that had attended the meritorious step which she had taken; and, in that success, was more than rewarded for any little assistance I had rendered her; that I was convinced she would now prove a blessing to her parents, to smooth whose downhill of life was a duty, the discharging of which, I was sure she would regard as her most delightful occupation; that I knew she would persevere in cultivating the virtuous habits to which she had returned, and it would always give me pleasure to hear of her prosperity. I did not trust myself to look at her till the close of this address, and then it was only a glance—her cheek was bloodless. I told her to sit down and rest herself, and that I would order some refreshment for her; but was sorry I could not stop, as business called me away. She listened without uttering a word—almost without breathing; I bade her good bye, shaking her by the hand, which I felt was damp and cold—and left her. I went out and walked as far as Charing Cross, not without a sensation of pain at my heart. I had never done any thing in my life which cost me such an effort! 'Twas clear that the girl was sincerely—tenderly attached to me; and, depraved though she had been, I should have been a brute not to have felt grateful for it—not to have felt gratified at it. It is sweet to be loved by anything—but to be loved by a woman!—I know not what thoughts passed through my brain—what wishes rose in my heart. As I walked along I saw nobody. Friends—mistress—all were for the time forgotten. Had any one accosted me, I am sure, from the replies I should have made him, he would have thought me mad. Every faculty was absorbed in the idea of the Magdalen. I had scarcely reached Temple Bar, on my return, when some one came right against me—'twas the Magdalen. She staggered—recovered herself, and without looking up, or speaking, passed on. I looked after her, as, unsteadily and listlessly, she pursued her way—like Hamlet, finding it without her eyes. My heart smote me for leaving her without a guide, and she in such a state of abstraction; but what kind of a guide should I have been for her? In so crowded a thoroughfare as Fleet street, you may easily imagine that she was soon out of sight. I felt indescribably oppressed! When I reached home, my servant informed me, that upon taking up to her the refreshments which I had ordered, she found her standing like a statue in the room; that she had no small difficulty in awakening her attention; that when she at last succeeded, and pressed her to partake of what she had brought, a smile of unutterable bitterness was all her reply; after which, casting once or twice a look of anguish round the room, she hurried precipitately from the house.

One—two—three weeks elapsed, and no sign of the Magdalen or her parents. I made up my mind that I should never hear from her, or see her again—'twas best. A month elapsed—a second one, with the same result. I seldom thought of her now. If she had felt a passion for me, she had seen the folly of it and got over it. I had now completed a three years' term of courtship, and had proved at last a thriving wooer. My wedding day was fixed, and at length the morning, which the lover thinks will never dawn, broke smiling in upon me. At nine o'clock I led my bride to the church. A couple had just been married, and were in the act of retiring from the altar. The bride, who was veiled, stopped at a little distance before us, while the bridegroom, who seemed to be considerably

her elder, and another person, stepped aside to speak with the clerk. As I led my blushing, trembling partner forward, I heard a half smothered shriek. It came from the young woman! whom I caught as she was sinking upon the pavement of the aisle. I called for water. The bridegroom, his friend, and the clerk, ran all together into the vestry to fetch it; in the mean time, I lifted the bride's veil—I was supporting the Magdalen! but so changed, so miserably changed, I scarcely knew her. She had not quite fainted. I called her by her name. It seemed to rouse her. She made a violent effort and raised herself, her eyes strainingly fixed on mine. She essayed to speak, but a convulsive action of her chest and throat, for a minute or two, prevented her. At length, by an almost preternatural effort, she succeeded. "Thank God I die in his arms!" she exclaimed: and with a slight shiver fell back. Water was brought; her face was sprinkled with it; they tried to pour some of it into her mouth—but it was endeavoring to restore the dead. My friends led the way into the vestry; whither I followed them with my bride, who, most unaccountably, seemed not to have been struck by what had passed, except to feel the liveliest concern for the fate of the unhappy girl. Indeed she was extremely agitated, and wept for a time bitterly; nor did she weep alone. In half an hour afterwards the ceremony—which, could I have invented any reasonable apology, I verily believe I would have put off—was duly performed, and I became the husband of the most affectionate and virtuous of wives.

I learned subsequently that, from the day of my last interview with the Magdalen, her health gradually declined: that, notwithstanding, she had been addressed by a man who was considerably older than herself, and whom she had peremptorily refused; but, at the earnest supplications of her parents, at last consented to marry. Many a time have I recalled this striking incident of my life, and never without emotions of a painful nature. Never could I acquit myself of having been blameably instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe which closed the brief and melancholy term of the unhappy girl existence. Woman, I have heard some men say, will love upon slight grounds. It may be so. I am sure that when once she really loves, she loves deeply and lastingly; and never shall I hold that man guiltless, who nourishes in her tender breast the hope which he knows cannot meet fulfilment.

Some years ago, Captain B——, while his regiment was quartered in the neighborhood of Lord M——'s estate, one day amused himself with shooting on his lordship's grounds, a privilege then very generally extended to military officers without the ceremony of taking leave. Lord M—— saw him from his window, and sent his game-keeper with peremptory orders to shoot both the Captain's dogs. The game-keeper rode to the spot, acquainted the Captain with his orders, apologized, but intimated that his place depended on his obedience. The Captain heard him with attention, pointed to one of the dogs, and requested him to shoot that dog first. The game-keeper shot the dog, and Captain B—— instantly shot the game-keeper's horse through the head. "Now," said he, addressing the terrified game-keeper, "that is horse for dog, fire again, and it shall be man for dog." The game-keeper stammered out his regret. "Go back," said Captain B——, "to your rascally master, and tell him that wherever I find him I will horsewhip him to the threshold of his own door." The game-keeper, no doubt, delivered the message correctly; certain it is, that early the next morning his lordship took his departure for London, and never returned to his mansion till after Captain B——'s regiment had changed its quarters.

MEDICAL.

CHILBLAINS.—Few individuals, we suspect, have been so lucky as to have escaped, through life, the disagreeable, often intolerable, sensations produced by chilblains of the feet, or as they are familiarly termed frosted feet. They consist in painful swellings of a deep purple or leaden hue, which attack the fingers, outer side of the hands, but especially the toes or heels, during cold weather. They are always very troublesome, frequently exceedingly painful, and occasionally they are even attended with considerable danger. Old people and children are more subject to these affections than people of middle age—those of delicate habits more so than the robust, and females more than males. Now, chilblains are, in the great majority of instances, the effect of imprudence and neglect, and may, with proper care, be entirely escaped. Their chief cause is imprudent exposure to severe cold, or the sudden transition from a cold atmosphere to the neighborhood of a warm fire. Thus, children in particular, after having been in the open air in winter, or when their feet and hands have become benumbed with cold while skating, sliding, or playing in the snow, immediately on entering into the house, place themselves close to the fire or stove, which brings on a re-action in the benumbed parts—which, from a state approaching torpidity, are roused suddenly to a very high degree of action. The effect is, that in the extremities, in place of the vessels sinking down to their healthy grade, a degree of inflammation is excited in the skin of the part, attended with a burning sensation and intolerable itching, the irritation resorted to for allaying the latter augmenting, frequently, the original mischief. The skin often cracks and gives discharge to a thin fluid; at other times small dark-colored blisters arise, which, breaking, occasion troublesome, ill conditioned sores.

A current of cold air rushing into a warm room, beneath a door, is, among delicate and sedentary females, a very frequent cause of chilblains—in the ordinary mode of heating our rooms by an open fire or grate, the feet are always exposed to a current of cold air, blowing from every crack and crevice in the room towards the fire.

The means by which this painful complaint is to be prevented are evident, from what has just been said in relation to its cause. They are, first, to avoid exposing the hands and feet to cold and damp. To do this effectually, soft woollen gloves and stockings, with stout leather shoes and boots should always be worn out of doors in winter; and in wet weather, as an additional preventive, gum-elastic over-shoes should not be neglected. When, however, from any cause, the hands and feet have become very cold, they should be gradually warmed—until this is effected a warm fire should not be approached. Washing or bathing the hands or feet, when they have been exposed for a long time to cold and wet, in tepid water, followed by brisk friction with a coarse towel, will often prevent any injurious consequences. Drafts of cold air upon the feet should likewise be avoided—which, however, will be found a very difficult matter, until by a more general introduction into use of heated air as a means of warming our apartments, the present fashion of open fires and grates can be dispensed with. Of the mode of curing chilblains we have nothing to say—this can only be directed safely by a physician, who shall take into consideration the peculiar circumstances of each individual case. We warn our readers, however, against the host of quack remedies, and domestic salves and plasters, which, though generally vaunted as infallible, often excite more suffering than

the disease itself, or render the unfortunate individual who has been induced to make trial of them, a cripple for life.—*Journal of Health.*

MISCELLANY.

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN'S WIG.—When Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going into a boat to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side, when the admiral, taking off his wig, stopped the leak with it, and by that means saved the boat from sinking, until he reached the ship in which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

A LITERARY COXCOMB.—Mason, the poet, was a good deal of a coxcomb. All the world have laughed at the story of the senior wrangler, who on going to the play one night when the king was present, and seeing the audience standing up, begged of them to sit down again, declaring that *he* had not expected Cambridge news to be so soon known in London, and that *though he was a senior wrangler*, he was still but a man.

ANTIQUITY OF FATTENING OYSTERS.—Whitaker, in his "History of Manchester," says, "The Romans first taught us the art of fattening oysters in artificial beds, the feeding pits being first invented about ninety years before Christ, and first constructed upon the shores of Baiæ; and even as early as the reign of Vespasian, the British oysters were deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy."

BRIDE'S TEARS.—In the Netherlands, as soon as a girl has given a promise of marriage, the apartment in which she usually resides, and all the furniture in it are decorated with garlands of flowers. Everything belonging to the bridegroom elect even to his pipe and tobacco box are decorated in the same manner. All the wine and liquor at weddings is called the Bride's Tears.

IRISH BLUNDER.—Two honest soldiers of the Emerald Isle, who were walking together the other day in the streets of London, accidentally glanced at the following notice, exhibited from the shop window of a seal engraver, to this effect, viz:—"Arms found:" when one of them instantly exclaimed to the other, "Arrah! by my stars, honey, and is this not rare news for Pat? I will just now call in and bother them to find me a bit of a leg that I lost, you know, more than eight years since, at the battle of Waterloo!"

Patriotism, liberty, reform, and many other things, have got a bad name, by keeping bad company; for those who have ill intentions cannot afford to work with tools that have ill sounds. When a knave sallies forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words, as naturally as his body in his best clothes;—but they must expect to be cheated that give him credit either for one or the other.

They that govern most, make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly, at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

Human thoughts are like the planetary system, where many are fixed and many wander, and many continue for ever unintelligible—or rather, like meteors, which generally lose their substance with their lustre.

Have nought to do with any man in his passion—men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Forget not that life is like a flower, which no sooner is fully blown, than it begins to wither.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.—The following sublime effusion, which we do not remember to have read before, and with the authorship of which we are entirely unacquainted, chanced to fall into our hands a day or two since, among other relics of a deceased friend. A fine imagination is blended with a fervent piety, in reflections like these.

"Heavens! what a moment must be that, when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change!—Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne? What new being do we receive? Whither has that spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it;—left it, to range, perhaps, through illimitable space;—to receive new capacities of delight; new powers of perception; new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears;—it is the consummation that clears up all mystery—resolves all doubts—which removes contradiction, and destroys error. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul! The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions—the pure existence of ethereal beings—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony; forms of imperishable beauty may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the departure of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled—while Hope and Charity whisper to the bleeding heart that *there* where all mercy is, there too, will be forgiveness!"

THE REFORM BILL'S EPITAPH.

Here lies poor Bill—his sand has run,
He died of forty stripes and one—
Though young, he was in wisdom Grey,
'Twas the "Lords' will," the Bishops say;
But I suspect they slew the lad,
Just as hard Commons killed his dad;
'Tis true, the Coroner sat, and sent
This verdict, "Died of Non-Content."
But clear your crystals, boys, and dry
The radical moisture in your eye:
We have a Bill, whose power can save
Your dear dead darling from the grave.
And he, despite each Tory worm,
His scattered ashes will reform—
The will of Bill is law d'ye see,
The Bill of Will the law shall be;
So here's Will's Bill, and here's Bill's will—
Bill—Will—and nothing but the Bill.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses of the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after philosophical truth.

A young fellow having bought a water proof hat, and wishing to play off a joke, washed his head, and, whilst it was streaming with water, ran to the hatter and complained of being deceived. "Ah!" said the hatter, "I see how it is, sir—you came out in the rain!"

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The poor Baron de F. so good, so little, so thin, raised the report of his own death. "Good heavens! this report is without foundation," said Madame de C.; 'for to-day, when he was paying me a visit, I discovered him, though not immediately, for out of spite he had hid himself behind his cane."

FROM INDIA.—By the brig Parachute, the editors of the New York Journal of Commerce have received Calcutta papers to the 11th August. The Cholera was raging at Benares and carrying off hundreds of the native population.

A letter from a gentleman just returned from the Red Sea, says, "At Mecca and the Hadjee country, 45,000 souls were carried off by the Cholera, in about one month. The violent rains have produced great damage in Arabia. Half of Suez is washed away. The locusts covered the water for miles and miles; so that it was literally the Red Sea."

Snow fell to the depth of three feet at Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y. on the 12th and 13th ult.

A biography of General Jackson, comprising two hundred and sixty pages, has been published in Boston, said to have been written by J. S. Snelling, Esq.

CALVIN EDSON, the living skeleton, is at present exhibiting his "raw head and bloody bones" in this city. An arrow and the hour glass—and the figure would be complete. It looks for all the world, as if the 'atomy of some dissecting room had taken it into his head to travel, and left his appropriate functions to be discharged by proxy. —By the way, we heard a good *mot* of Edson, the other day; or rather one of which he was the occasion. A gentleman was questioning him about his visit to Europe, and, among other things, remarked to him, "You did not tell the Londoners that you fought against them during the last war?" "Yes, I did, said Edson, I told them that we drove them well." "And what did they say to that?" "Why they made me a pretty good answer. One of them, says, 'well, if you did drive us, you have nothing to brag of, for we scared all the flesh off of your bones.'"

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.—Married by the Rev. S. C. Posey, in Florence (Alab.) on Thursday last, Mr. THOMAS BOOTH, of Franklin county, to Miss FRANCES COX, of Florence. On Saturday night Mr. Booth and his wife lodged at Lagrange, in Franklin county, both apparently in fine health. On the following morning the bridegroom awoke, and found the bride a lifeless corpse. This young woman had all the appearance of vigorous health, and it appears difficult to conjecture the cause of her sudden and unpremonished dissolution. —*Nashville Rep.*

The twenty-second of next February will complete a century from the birth of Washington, and the circumstance should not be neglected in the celebration of the day. A friend suggests that no more proper occasion could be chosen for laying the first stone of a monument; supposing it possible that measures could be adopted in time, for the commencement of what has been so long talked of and delayed.

PEKING.—No snow fell here this year till the 28th of January, although His Majesty ordered an altar to be erected, and prayers offered on the 1st of the month. On the 27th he directed the priests of the Tooou sect, belonging to the palace "of light and splendor," to offer up prayers, which they did, and, the next day, copious showers of snow fell. The emperor returned thanks in person to the "glorious Heavens," rewarded the priests, and removed the altar.

"An individual named Shakespear drowned himself lately in Paris; on learning the news, another remarked, 'that it was a great loss to the English stage; but he thought that that author had been dead for many years.'"

A pine-tree has been discovered in the Umpqua country, to the southward of the Columbia, the circumference of which is 57 feet, its height 216 feet, without branches.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 21.

The age of poetry seems to have gone by. We have a few individuals in America who are called *poets*, but in our humble opinion ninety-nine out of a hundred should be subjected to the same test of merit as it is somewhere reported Dr. Johnson gave. A party of wits were dining at a tavern when two of them oddly began to quarrel about two poems which they were on the point of publishing. To appease the quarrel, Arthur Murphy who was present, recommended a deputation to Johnson, to decide a bet, as to which was the superior work. The deputation waited on the doctor, who, though surprised at dinner, was at length induced to listen to the affair. "What depends on my decision?" said he. "Five guineas," was the answer. "Give me the poems," said Johnson. He ran his eye down them, and reckoning the lines, made his award. "Gentlemen," said he, solemnly, "poetry does not always differ from real life. It is a right principle, of two evils to choose the lesser. Both poems are as bad as poems can be; therefore the *shorter* has won the wager."

There has been a learned discussion going on between two daily Editors as to the merits of the book just published by the Harpers—the works of SALLUST. The Editor of the National Gazette quotes the eccentric Lord Monboddo as saying that the style of Sallust was very bad. We think the quotation of this learned Lord rather unfortunate. Professor John Hunter wrote the first and best volume of his lordship's Treatise on the Origin of Languages while his secretary.

Lord Monboddo too was a most eccentric philosopher—we may say *crazy*. He maintained that the human race had *tails* originally, and had got rid of them in infancy or worn them off by sitting, &c. So convinced was he of the truth of this fantastic theory, as we are informed on good testimony, that whenever a child happened to be born in his house, he would watch at the chamber-door, in order to see it in its first state—having a notion that the midwives pinched off the infant tails!!

Our friends, the Harpers, have never found much praise from the National Gazette, and we suppose never will, let them publish even the bible, but we can assure them that in *some* places, puffing, like kissing, goes by favor. Who for a moment would place confidence in the opinions of a man respecting whom the following authenticated story is related.

He once embroiled himself in a law-plea respecting a horse which belonged to himself. He had committed the animal, when sick, to the charge of a farrier, with directions for the administration of a certain medicine. The farrier gave the medicine, but went beyond his commission, in so far as he mixed it with molasses. The horse dying next morning, Lord Monboddo raised a prosecution for its value, and actually pleaded his own cause at the bar. He lost it, however, and is said to have been so enraged in consequence at his brethren the judges, that he never after sat with them on the bench, but underneath, amongst the clerks. The report of this case is exceedingly amusing.

STEPHEN GIRARD.—We threw together in our last publication some of the most prominent traits in the charac-

ter of this very uncommon man, and numerous correspondents from every section of the city and neighboring states call upon us so urgently for further particulars, that we shall devote further space to the subject. No person, whatever may be his political creed or standing in society, can peruse with indifference narratives which describe the personages who have played prominent parts in the great scene of the world. We flit over the earth like shadows, and yet we are as anxious to enrich ourselves as if we thought the elements of which our bodies are composed would never dissolve. What is the glory after all we so eagerly thirst for? We labor to obtain it, and then it is envied, attacked, and at length forgotten.

We have said that Stephen Girard was no common man. He did not owe his wealth to *chance* or luck—on one occasion, when an India ship had arrived, making a profit to him of more than an hundred thousand dollars, one of his acquaintance remarked that he had great luck. "Luck," said the shrewd merchant, "no luck at all—I minded my business." And this was his secret, though many have tried the same plan without any success. How differently acquired was the fortune of the celebrated banker Tortonina, of Rome, whose father was no more than a footman. His fortune was mere like luck. Tortonina, who was an active intelligent young man, at first entered into business in a small way, as a jeweller. In course of time he became a sort of banker, and an unexpected circumstance brought him in contact with Cardinal Chiaramonti. On the death of Pius VI. a conclave was to be held at Venice, for the election of a new Pope. Chiaramonti was unable to attend for want of money, and Tortonina advanced him a few hundred crowns. The Cardinal accordingly repaired to Venice, where he was elected Pope, under the title of Pius VII. In gratitude for this act of service, the sovereign pontiff, on his return to Rome, appointed him banker to the Court. He was created a marquis, and afterwards a duke, and is now one of the richest capitalists in Europe.

Stephen Girard unquestionably owed much of his success in life to the confidence which every one reposed in his integrity, his means, and his prudence; without which mercantile operations are always more or less embarrassed. It must be acknowledged by all who reflect on his history, as truly remarkable, that a man possessed of such a fortune could steer his course through life with so few enemies. The breath of envy alone, if he had given it any thing to feed on, would have been sufficient to blast his peace or his reputation; but there was nothing for envy to take hold of. Detraction could say nothing more than that he made no open profession of religion, which is much to be regretted, as we cannot doubt for a moment that he would have been happier even in this world, for believing in the doctrines of Christianity.

Many may we not say *most* men, with a twentieth of Girard's wealth, would have been ambitious to exhibit a splendid equipage, or in some way have made themselves ridiculous, or in some whim have shown a weakness of intellect. But Girard had none of the common foibles of humanity on which to comment. Neither, we must say, did he appear to possess the common proportion of feeling to those who immediately ministered to his wealth. One would suppose, that with a daily income sufficient for ten years' expenses, he would have lavished a few thousands, or hundreds at least, on the

individuals whose faces most frequently fell under his notice. But it was not so. Mr. Roberjot, for a very long period his chief dependence, and confidential clerk, and along side of whom he now reposes, died recently, insolvent. His captains received their pay regularly, but, even when most successful, no further reward or thanks. His Bank clerks received fair salaries, but nothing more. His chief carpenter, who was very attentive to the interest of his employer, received the amount of the contract to a cent—he never got a copper more. In all his details of business, the same principle governed—all went away satisfied, nay pleased, with his punctuality, and if they had nothing to say in his favor, they had nothing to urge against him. This character is uncommon, even with merchants in a small way, and when so conspicuous in a man of so many millions, must be considered very remarkable.

It is fortunate for our race that the life of man is so short—or rather, that much wealth does not give increased years: for it is capable of demonstration that the fortune of Mr. Girard would, in another half century under his management, have absorbed the whole capital of the State, if not of the Union itself. We will suppose that he made it yield him more than six per cent. which unquestionably was the fact, and that his fortune, even without great and profitable investments, doubled of course every ten years. In ten years more he would have been worth twenty millions, admitting that he died worth only ten. In twenty years he might have counted forty millions, in thirty years eighty, in forty years one hundred and sixty, and at the expiration of the half century, he might have snapped his fingers and drawn a check for *three hundred and twenty millions*! A sum too large to think of,—we can only measure such figures by something of which we have a knowledge: as for instance, the enormous capital of the Bank of the United States, which is *supposed* to exercise so fearful an influence over the destinies of the Union, is only *thirty-five millions*.

But our article has extended already to too great a length, and we must give as briefly as possible a clear abstract of the *Will*. This we are enabled to do more satisfactorily than in our last, having examined the same at the office of the Register, since which it has been published in a pamphlet, and is for sale at thirty-seven and a half cents by most of the booksellers. A copyright has been taken, and we shall not infringe on the rights of the publisher further than to confirm most of our former statements, and add the following additional particulars. He gives to the Pennsylvania Hospital thirty thousand dollars, subject to the payment of an annuity of \$200 to a black slave. To the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, \$20,000—Orphan's Asylum, \$20,000—to the Controllers of the Public Schools, \$10,000, and the same to the Society of Ship Masters. \$10,000 to buy wood for the poor *whites*—to the Freemason's Lodge, \$20,000—to a school in Passyunk, \$6,000. There is but one half million for improving Water street, and widening the wharves; but the sum of \$300,000 is given to Pennsylvania for the Internal Improvement fund, provided the legislature passes laws authorising the city of Philadelphia to make the intended improvements. The annuities to his lawyer's widow, Mrs. Ingersoll, to his housekeepers and their children, amount to the interest of about \$120,000, the former getting \$1000 per

annum, and the latter from five to three hundred dollars.

The great bequest however is the residuary to the city—it will probably amount to *seven millions*! The college is a curious affair. It is for three hundred *male orphan children* from six to ten years old. The building is described with a minuteness equal to that of Solomon's temple, and it appears to have been the thing which he expected to immortalise his name. It is to be at least "one hundred and ten feet east and west, and one hundred and sixty feet north and south." It must be capped with marble two feet thick—covered with marble, and the floors to be of the same—the ceilings to be arched, and entirely fire proof. The details are very curious and minute, and contain the following remarkable provision, viz:—he enjoins and requires "that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said college; *nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor*, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college." He says that in making this restriction, he does not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatever; but there being such a multitude of sects, he wishes to keep the tender minds of the young orphans free from the excitement which flows from the clashing doctrines of sectarians. He desires that all the instructors instil the *purest principles of morality* and a love of truth, sobriety and industry. Altogether this college will remain a monument of the will of a very rich and queer man. The public are at a loss to say whether the college is a good or bad thing. All think they could have left two millions so that it would have done more good, and we confess the sum seems large for the education of three hundred poor orphans.

There is a class of citizens who say that the will is a bad one—for ourselves we think just the reverse. But all who would form an impartial judgment must read the document for themselves—place themselves in a similar situation and reflect how they would have acted. The demand for the printed will is immense and will increase—every body in town and country will desire to see it—and till they have done so, can form but a faint estimate of its character.

Mr. Bass Otis, the painter, has painted a picture of the deceased, from a cast taken after death for the family. It has been copied on stone for the family, in order to secure the copyright, but will not be published for sale. The cast will serve hereafter for a monument to this public benefactor.

It is supposed Mr. Girard has died intestate of real property to the amount of \$100,000, bought since the date of the will—this will probably go to the nieces, &c. who have fared but poorly.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia—History of France, by Eyre Evans Crowe.—Carey and Lea.—This third volume of the history of France embraces twenty years of stirring incident, of every character, from the death of Louis the sixteenth to the fall of the empire. All the leading events of that momentous period—the execution of the king, the reign of terror, the fall of Robespierre, the consulate, Napoleon's accession, divorce, marriage, and fall,

—are related in a lively and agreeable manner, at once concise and intelligible. The volume may be regarded as the most valuable of the series.

Domestic Happiness Portrayed, or a Repository for those who are, and those who are not married: New York,—Charles Spalding.—Besides the two very beautiful engravings which adorn this charming volume, it contains two prize essays written expressly for the compiler, and selected from some hundreds of competing authors. To these are added some other original articles of merit, the whole being wound up by a variety of the best papers from the Spectator, Adventurer, Guardian, &c. on the subject of matrimony. It is a sensible, amusing, and instructive publication; and if the valuable precepts and maxims it enforces were generally followed, the world, that part at least which is married, would be vastly more happy than it now is, or ever has been. It is free from the pervading sin of mawkishness; treats of courtship and marriage in a chaste but lively style, and is eminently calculated to be a great favorite among the unmarried of both sexes. We advise them to buy, read, and practise what it recommends.

The American Girl's Book, by Miss Leslie; Boston,—Munroe & Francis.—We cannot imagine a more beautiful and appropriate volume to be placed in the hands of juvenile females than this. It is embellished by nearly an hundred engravings on wood, some of which are exquisitely finished, and the typography and binding are of the very prettiest kind. The author, engraver, and publishers, have united their best abilities to produce an acceptable treat, and they have succeeded to the utmost. Every innocent and pleasing amusement for young females is here described in plain language, and so illustrated by engravings that none can either fail to understand or be delighted. Among the rational publications for young persons, the American Girl's Book will assuredly rank very high: the author, Miss Leslie, is favorably known to the public by several previous works of the same character; but the present will be considered the favorite by all who have the good fortune to possess a copy.

Paul Pry's Letters from London; also, his Letters from England; Boston,—Munroe & Francis.—We are certain that no surer plan could be devised to interest the juvenile mind in matters of real value, than that adopted in the two neat little works above named. They contain a large amount of valuable information, which older heads will read with pleasure, and younger ones with certain profit. The various descriptions of London, its endless curiosities, its churches, hospitals, and other wonders, are given with brevity and clearness, at the same time in very lively style. England itself is also described with singular propriety. Both volumes contain a multitude of well executed engravings, adding much to their interest, but without causing the price to be unreasonably high.

The same publishers have contributed two other volumes to the reading stock of the juvenile community, *Private Hours*, by the author of *Evenings at Home*, and a *Polite Present, or Manual of Good Manners*. The first is of a didactic character, embracing rules for the observance of each day of the week, interspersed with hymns, exhortations, &c. The second we noticed some

time ago, but may again add that it contains rules for the behaviour of children at church, at home, at table, in company, at school, &c. with much else that deserves to be practised as well as studied.

Mr. Cooper's *Bravo* is praised on all hands. The New York Courier says it "will win new laurels for him. It is full of dramatic interest—"hair-breadth escapes"—animated and bustling scenes of the canals, in the prisons, on the Rialto, in the Adriatic, and in the streets of Venice. The plots of the secret Tribunal, the counter-plots of Don Camillo, the singular acts of Jacopo the Brave, his success in rescuing Donna Violetta, are all described in that dashing style and language for which Cooper is characterised. In picturing the movements of the Gondolas, the author is peculiarly felicitous. Whenever he discourses of scenes on the water, he is perfectly at home. The character of the Bravo is a singular compound of fatuity and art—of recklessness and sagacity—of generosity and folly—of bravery and weakness. The great aim of the author is to picture off the Venetian oligarchy—their selfishness—their cruelty—their art—their cold blooded inhumanity, and their refined species of Mechiavelism. The scene in which Jacopo undergoes an examination before the three Grand Inquisitors, is extremely well managed. The manner in which the characters are drawn out, keeps up an intense interest. The termination, however, of the plot, is altogether unsatisfactory. The notion of "poetical justice" as it is called by the critics, is entirely violated. After being entertained with the efforts and energy and arts of a hero—after keeping his company in various hard rubs and hazardous adventures, it is quite melancholy to find him coolly beheaded, while the less interesting personages of the tale are happily disposed of. This novel of "The Bravo" is Cooper's first born of a new class. Paul Clifford was among the first of this kind which attracted great attention. The Bravo, as does Paul Clifford, contains fearful pictures of the destruction of human rights and human happiness, by vicious systems of government and laws. The effects of bad laws and aristocratic authority, are shown to lead to private crime, public robbery, and violent ends. Cooper has made an admirable selection of his topics, his plots, his characters, &c. to catch the popular feeling at present existing in England; and the Bravo will undoubtedly be very popular across the water; here it only requires to be known to be read with the utmost avidity."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Jersey correspondent will perceive that we have taken a slice from his New Year's cake. We hope often to have similar comforts.

The essential points in the case reported with so much pains for our columns, by R. were published by us some weeks since; let him persevere, however.

PIPER describes vividly the pleasure of a ride over the mountains with the thermometer at zero. He has suffered severely, no doubt, and the journey at best is fatiguing and long. Paris is distant from London only 225 miles, while Pittsburg is 300 from Philadelphia, and yet a Londoner has performed a great feat if he has been to Paris. We go to Pittsburg, in common weather, and think nothing of it. Rome is not as far from London, as New Orleans from Philadelphia.

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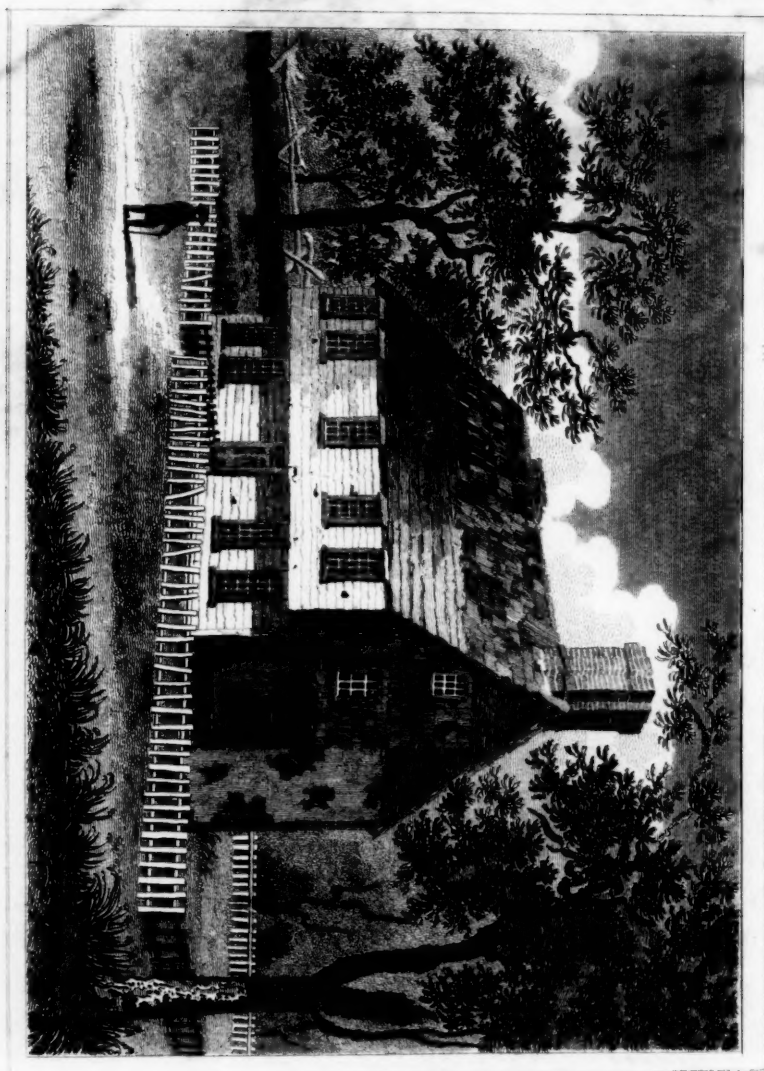
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